



Embellished with Elegant Copperplate Engravings.

VOL. IX. [V. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SEPTEMBER 22, 1832.

No. 9.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

THE PAINTED BRIDE.

'The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze
Like a remembered dream;
Around us each dissevered chain
In sparkling ruin lies,
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.'

There can be no practice to which young ladies resort, with the intention of improving their native personal charms, so odious and disgusting to a well bred man of sense, as that of using rouge: indeed, why should it not be?—it is offensive to nature herself; for where is the maid who has indulged in the practice for years, and is not obliged to continue the same, to conceal the marks of violence it has imprinted? Young ladies too, who indulge in this practice, subject themselves to the gossiping and tea-table talk, even of the lowest class of society; and I rejoice to add that, that, in many places, is the only class who indulge in it. No young lady I presume, (unless her better judgment were callous against the reproof and advice of friends;) would ever indulge in the practice of face-painting, did she but know how readily a sensible man detects through this tinsel covering, false pride, coquetry, prudery, vanity, hypocrisy, and more distinctly the love of self. In a country where—

Merit seeks for merit
And where virtue weds for love,—

ought this silly practice to be countenanced? I appeal to the reading and candid part of community to answer this question. If young ladies would appear lovely; (as heaven designed they should) if they desire to have rosy cheeks; they should retire to rest early at night, not waste the best part of the night, for invigorating the system and renovating the animal functions, within the walls of a crowded Theatre, or in poring over a novel or some love-sick story, to retire with exhausted nature, to dream away the remainder of the night;—thus unavoidably encroaching on the best part of the following day—they should retire early, with a mind as much composed as possible, their slumber will then be sweet and sound. They should rise with the sun, and if the weather should be favorable and circumstances permit, they should take an early ride on horseback, or a walk in the open air; or, if the

weather prove unfavorable, they should indulge in some gentle exercise at home.—Indeed, it would be no spot on a young lady's fair name, that the world knew she aided her mother or friends in the discharge of their domestic duties. No man, no matter how great his fortune may be, or that of his intended, should ever think her qualified to become a wife and mother, if she has not a general knowledge of domestic household affairs. Fair reader, you smile, but trusting you have read the story of the 'basket-maker,' I proceed. The number of poor economists and bad housekeepers would be far less, if our good mothers indulged their daughters less. In the country, it is true, most young ladies acquire a knowledge of domestic duties; but I have often observed, and I regret to say it, that in some of our largest cities, mothers who have been bred to industrious habits and who make the best of wives, bring up their daughters *ladies*, (if such, those may be called who are bred to idleness and dissipation) allowing them to spend most of their time either in bed, at the toilette, making calls, at the Theatre, or some other place of amusement, without their ever once having an introduction to the kitchen and its avocations. Infer not that I would have young ladies inured to drudgery; indeed, I harbor too tender a regard for that class of community even to dream it: but should fortune ever unite my fate with that of woman, may it be to one whose province it shall be, to bid servants perform such and such duties, without first inquiring of them how such duties should be performed. The preceding remarks were called forth by listening a few months since to the following melancholy tale. At the request of a friend, it was related by an interesting young widow, who was visiting where I not unfrequently spend a social hour. That the narrator had passed many months, indeed years in the school of adversity I long had known; but the original cause I had not, nor had her nearest relatives known.

'What I am about to relate, I intended should have remained buried in my own bosom, the repository of much misery; but feeling sensible that my probation is already prescribed, believing too, that the narration may free my mind of a leaden weight, and present a beacon to warn others of the danger, of fondly indulging in evil practices, or walking in forbidden paths, I comply with your request. Trusting that my simple narrative of facts will not be subjected to the scrutiny of a critic. I shall

pass hastily over such parts of my life as are already familiar to some present, and confine my story principally to the cause of my unhappiness. I was, as some of you well know, the only child of wealthy parents, of course much indulged. At the age of fourteen, (for little in my life before I arrived at that age was worthy of notice) I first entered the gay circle of fashion. Several times already, had that sentence, which so dangerously tickles the ear of a girl of fourteen, reached mine, 'Catharine is a charming girl!' a fatal sentence truly, to reach the ear of one so young and naturally too proud. I now became intimate with a young lady several years older than myself whose influence over me, was soon greater no doubt than that of my parents. Report had for a long time and justly too, pronounced her one who indulged in the practice of face-painting. She was often accused of the practice, yet never would she directly admit or deny the fact, but with a smile of deception instantly change the subject, a dangerous and critical point this for a young lady to arrive at; soon, however, had I reached it, although not without many chidings of conscience. Neither of my parents, (who both knew that I used rouge) exactly approved of my indulging in the practice, but as they did not prohibit, I continued to indulge in it. Strange that the love of parents should silence the voice of monition for their offspring, and suffer them to seek for roses, where nought but thorns and thistles grow. Four years had passed on to swell the countless dials of eternity, and I was the wife of Mr. William McI—, a respectable merchant in a neighboring village. He detested, and ever had I known it from the first hour in which we met, the practice of face-painting. He had often, before and after our marriage, depicted in glowing colors, the evils resulting from the practice; advising me at the same time to read Chesterfield on that subject; as I would now advise all young ladies to do, whether indulging in it or not. Chesterfield's letters at that time, I never perused. He had often heard before we were married, that I used artificial coloring; which doubtless accounted for my receiving many good lectures on the subject, and strange it now appears to me, that all his good reasonings were insufficient to influence me to abandon the practice; but fools cannot believe coals will burn until they tread upon them. Whenever my husband hinted what he had heard before we were married, I always, as my pattern had taught me, answered his interrogatories, first by pretending surprise, then, by a half denial and half confession of the fact, left him to draw the desirable inference, that I was innocent. Never was a kind and affectionate husband more completely duped than was mine, nor was a husband ever more devotedly beloved by his wife than was mine. How true it is, that early habits are not easily abandoned. One year of happiness, (since with us the lovers anticipations were realized) had glided swiftly by and a second was on the wave, still I was indulging in that disgusting practice. The tenth day of July 13—the day on which for the first time I appeared to my dear William in the humiliating garb of a *deceiver*, was one of more than usual serenity,—one of that celestial kind composed of minutes instead of hours, and ere the sun had reached his meridian splendor, inhaling on our way, in exchange for the atmosphere of a bustling village, that, which is wafted to the senses from the midst of waving grain and wild flowers, we had arrived at a sulphur spring of considerable celebrity, about ten miles distant from our hab-

itation.* Having rested ourselves and taken some refreshment, we walked from the public house down to the spring. Never were a couple more happy and cheerful than we were, as we passed across a small brook to the spring, on a bridge constructed by laying down two pieces of timber, and fastening upon them short pieces of plank. This brook meanders through a narrow valley, from one side of it rises the spring—not far from the spring, commences, with a gradual rise, a grove, which to appearance, extends far in the distance. Little suspecting what awaited me, I approached the spring; we stood near it, perhaps ten minutes or more, drinking freely of the water, when on turning towards me, Mr. McI— exclaimed,—'Merciful heavens! *dearest Catharine! what is the matter?*' Never having felt better in my life, than at that moment, I with a smile replied, 'Nothing, dear William, what creates your anxiety?' 'Surely you are ill, your face is black.' Conscious that the water had changed the color of the rouge I had that day used, confusion and a sense of guilt so completely overwhelmed me, that, at the moment the powers of speech were withheld from me. The truth now flashed across his mind—fire sparkled in his eye—his manly chest tottered and he had nearly fainted ere we could gain seats upon a bench near. 'Is this then the reward' asked he, 'of devoted love? Have I then fondly cherished in my bosom, one who reciprocates love by deception? What guarantee have I, that she who has deceived me once, may not have deceived me often, sharing with others the love I thought my own?' Emotions awakened by recalling the scene for a time choked her utterance; at length she continued—'When the powers of speech were restored me, I in vain attempted to convince him, that I was innocent of his suspicions. At the brook I washed that accursed bane from my face for the last time, and we returned to the house. Our visit at the spring, as you doubtless anticipate, was a brief one. Few words passed between us on our way home; the many charms we formed in the ride scarcely two hours before, were now lost. The notes of the fluttering songsters vibrated the same melody as before; from a deep glen which bounded the road on one side through which seemed following us the brook before alluded to, came the same soft, rippling sounds; but they bore, as did indeed every breath of nature, but the responses of reproach to my ear. Often did my imagination transform this deep glen, to the bottom of which the eye could seldom penetrate, through the golden foliage which curtained it, into a winding path, to the regions of death. After our return home, my husband became melancholy and reserved and I became wretched. Our once happy dwelling had now the appearance of being tenanted by strangers; so little time did we spend in each others society. My time was mostly spent with my little Henry, a pledge of our former love, now several months old—at length he sickened and died. This tie of affection, on which I had placed my hopes for a reconciliation, being now severed, I abandoned myself to despair. My husband, now but the shadow

* I presume the spring to which she alluded is a sulphur spring in the town of Sharon, which has of late become quite a fashionable place of resort: it has a small bathing house which is also convenient for washing. The spring is large and cold, its mean temperature being 47 degrees Fahrenheit. The water is very strongly saturated with sulphur, whether it has passed the fiery ordeal of a chymist, I know not. The purest silver is tarnished by a few minutes exposure to the influence of the water. The scenery around is wild, and rather pleasing than otherwise. Mr. Eldridge the present proprietor, has pretty good accommodations, and spares no pains to render the past-time of visitants agreeable. The time I believe to be not far distant, when the now respectable number of visitants at this spring will be greatly increased, as the beneficial effects of the water are universally acknowledged by all who have tested them.

of his former self, left home on business but never returned. Sometime after his departure I received this brief communication. Taking from her reticule a small packet of letters she drew one from the number and read as follows:—(Postmarked, Albany, February 6.)

Albany, November 12, 18—.

“YET DEAR CATHARINE.—Ere this epistle reaches you, the wide Atlantic will be booming between us.—We are destined never to meet again on earth.—I still love you, but early vows dictate my mysterious flight. I never have breathed to mortal the cause of our unhappiness, for fear of rendering you still more unhappy.—Attempt not to learn whither I fly, for the attempt would be futile—God bless you, farewell. WILLIAM.

“P. S. I have by letter given Esq. S. the power of attorney to settle my business, with instructions to pay over to you, all of my property which may be left after canceling the debts I owe. WM.”

When speaking of the practice of face-painting I recollect once or twice having heard him say that, he never would, if he knew it, marry a girl who painted—or live with one who did paint, even if she were a wife, adding, that the resolve was registered there,—raising his hand towards heaven: those doubtless were the vows to which he alluded. Why this letter and the one directed to Esq. S. were not mailed sooner, I never knew. Esq. S. took into his hands the immediate settlement of my husband's pecuniary affairs, nor did he spare any pains to learn whither he had gone;—a year had passed, his affairs were mostly settled, leaving for me a handsome competency; still nothing had I heard respecting his fate. While sitting alone one morning, one melancholy reflection succeeding another, as one wave of the ocean in quick succession follows another, alike tinged with a dark saline hue; the following brief note was handed me. She drew another paper from the packet and read as follows:—

New-York, August 20, 18—.

“MRS. McI.—Madam, knowing your anxiety to hear from your husband, I take the liberty of informing you that he is on board of the U. S. ship of war, Hornet—with respect I am—A FRIEND.”

‘To whose kindness I was indebted for this note, I never knew: it was gratifying to learn that my husband still lived. Nothing more did I learn of his fate, until the appalling tidings reached us, of the loss of the Hornet in the Gulf of Mexico, in the month of September, 18—. Doubtless my husband and all on board found a watery grave, unseen save by the eye of Deity, in the fathomless depths of that gulf, which probably, never since time had a record, was equally agitated, save when the billows of the mighty deep laved and even bosomed the highest mountains, I am yet left to lament the folly of indulging in a vicious habit, but for how long a time, heaven only knows.—This, my friends, although a melancholy and imperfect, is but too true a picture of the evils resulting from the silly practice of face-painting.’

Here her story ended, and all were so deeply affected by the narrative, (the cause of her unhappiness never having been revealed before) that minutes passed and scarce a breath broke the silence. Taking French leave, I withdrew to reflect alone on what I had listened to, and if not fully convinced before, I now was, of the folly of indulging in this practice of harlots.—A few lines more and the whole story is told.—Less than two months from the relation of Mrs. McI.—'s story, the cold earth was resting upon her lovely form—the worms had

already commenced their work—rank weeds were beginning to wave, fanned by the pure breath of an Autumn breeze, over that brow and bosom once chaste as the polished marble.—Yes, with a broken heart had she sunk into an early grave. The remark of Addison that ‘life is but the journey of a day;’ often recurs to my mind, but never with more force than when I stand, (as I often do,) beside the grave of, the once Painted Bride. How true the words of the poet,—

How oft the tenderest ties are broken,
How oft the parting tear must flow;
The words of friendship scarce are spoken
Ere those are gone we love below;—
Like suns they rose and all was bright,
Like suns they set and all is night.

MELANCTHON.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

THE BACHELOR'S EXCUSE.

(Concluded.)

‘I soon fell into a calm sleep from which I awoke not till a late hour the next day. I was almost entirely recovered from the effects of the accident, and only waited for the appearance of my hospitable host to thank him for his kindness, ere I rose. In the meantime, I inquired of the nurse who attended me, to know to whom I was indebted for the preservation of my life. She answered, that when I sunk, the stageman, who was but a short distance from me, seized and carried me in safety to the shore. I was borne to the house of Mr. Daniels, my present host, where I was resuscitated after various unsuccessful attempts. She had just ceased her narration, when Mr. Daniels entered. He bade me ‘good morning,’ with a friendly shake of the hand and congratulated me on the alteration in my health which had taken place during the night. I thanked him for his kindness to me in my misfortunes, but he stopped me short. ‘I have done no more than is incumbent on every one to do to his fellow in distress,’ said he, ‘and if I have been of any service to thee, thank God and not me.’ I would have again thanked him, but he would not hear me. ‘Consider yourself at home,’ said he, ‘and make yourself as contented as possible.’ I found from conversation with him, that he was a man of good natural abilities, and that his mind was improved by much reading and research. He was also an apt observer of men and manners, and such a counsellor as my youth and inexperience demanded. He belonged to the society of Friends, and possessed in a great degree, that spirit of frankness and intelligence for which they are so deservedly celebrated; there was none of that pompous display of learning and knowledge, none of that formal and drawing-room politeness so often met with among strangers. Upon our first introduction to many of our fellow men we perceive a sort of haughty dignity, stiff, proud attention, rather repelling than inviting our acquaintance. But with Mr. D. it was not so. He possessed that solemnity of manners, that soberness of countenance, those distinguished characteristics of the descendants of Wm. Penn. But there was an urbanity in his address and deportment, that opened a way into the confidence of his visitors. The seriousness of manners was happily blended with a cheerfulness of temper in such a degree that no one could continue with him an hour and be a stranger. In fact, before the day had closed I found in him an old friend and had imparted to him my intentions and prospects in that part of the country.

‘In the course of the day several visitors called, among whom was a Mr. T. He was a man of con-

considerable consequence in that neighborhood, being a Justice of the Peace. He was engaged largely in trade, and was supposed to be immensely rich. Deeming him a suitable person, I inquired of him concerning business, and the prospect of a young man's obtaining employment. I soon found he was in want of a clerk, and would probably give good encouragement to one qualified for the business. He even hinted that he would like to employ me, were I willing to engage. I however declined giving him a direct answer until I had made further inquiries. In the course of the next day I mentioned to Mr. Daniels that Mr. T. was in want of a clerk, and I requested some information respecting his character. He informed me, that he was a man of good abilities, and a leading member in the society of that neighborhood. Gentle to those who pleased him, to those who did not he was harsh and oppressive. Of a proud, haughty, unforgiving spirit, to those who had incurred his displeasure, he was as a lion caught in the toils. Nevertheless to those who endeavored to gain his good will, he was an indulgent employer.

'But I am growing tedious. Suffice it to say, I at length agreed to assist Mr. T. and that I found in him a father and a friend. Weeks and months passed on, and I still continued an inmate at Mr. T's. One day as I was returning from the counting-room, a coach passed in which I beheld a female whose features were familiar to me. It passed instantly, and was out of sight ere I could recognize who was in it. I thought, nay, was sure, I had seen that face before, but could not tell where. Ruminating on this trivial circumstance, I know not why or wherefore, I arrived at Mr. T's. The first object that met my eyes, as I entered the sitting-room, was Mary Walton, blooming in more than her wonted beauty. As much surprised as if an inhabitant of the grave had made its appearance, I was scarcely able to command myself. She was alone, and seemed as much surprised as myself. However, I soon recovered my composure, and received her as I would have received a long absent sister. We entered into an animated conversation, respecting the different parts she had visited. The more interesting to me because she had seen many with whom I was acquainted. After a short time I inquired when she returned home. She smilingly replied that she hoped to see her parents that day. She was quite engaged in describing the falls of Passiac, which she had visited, when Mrs. T. entered. She pleasantly remarked, that she was about to introduce me to her daughter, but it seemed quite unnecessary.

'Your daughter!' exclaimed I, repeating her words, 'is Miss Walton your daughter? this indeed is something new to an old friend.' I then explained my meeting her at Dover, though totally unconscious till that moment, that she was her daughter.

"To the difference of names," said she, "probably belongs the mistake. She is the daughter of a former wife; her father on his marriage with me took my name, but his children retained the original. But she is as dear to me as an own child." It was a pleasing discovery to me.

'Mary was the idol of the whole family. Even her little brothers and sisters paid implicit obedience to her requests. She was at once their sister, friend and instructor. As we became more acquainted, my affection increased, for I found her all a fond heart could wish. But love stories are sickening, and I will not dwell on mine. To make a long story short, I will only add, that I trusted my affec-

tion was returned, and that in four years after I first entered Mr. T's store, I bought his stock in trade, and commenced business for myself. I prospered beyond my most sanguine expectations, and in one year I hoped to become as happy as man could be on earth. But my hopes were most fatally frustrated. For several months I had observed Mr. T's manners towards me had changed to a great extent. He first became cold, then neglectful, and afterwards contemptuous, amounting almost to insult. And to all my demands for explanation, he turned a deaf ear. But at length an incident happened which brought to light the main spring of all his actions. On meeting Mary one evening, according to appointment, in an arbor where we had passed many pleasant hours, I observed that she was very melancholy and sorrowful. I inquired the reason of it. She remained a few minutes silent; and then with a faltering tongue, her face suffused with the blush of modesty, she informed me that her father encouraged the addresses of one with whom she could never be happy. "He forbade me," she continued, "from conversing with you again on pain of his high displeasure. He declares, if I receive your addresses, he will disinherit me, and his curse shall follow me all my days." I urged her to a clandestine marriage.

"No!" she exclaimed, "no, never, for I cannot survive a parent's curse."

'I told her I would accompany her home, and plead for her father's consent to our union: that perhaps the entreaties of both would avail, and that he would relent. She assented, and we took our way to the house. We entered his room together: and taking Mary's hand, kneeling, I asked him to give us a father's blessing. We entreated him to give consent.

"Never!" he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, and instantly left the room. I left Mary in tears, and was leaving the house when I met Mr. T. and again entreated him to give his consent, but he refused. I told him the consequences of his refusal. "I care not," said he, "I am her father, and she shall obey me, or my curse shall follow her. She shall never be yours with my consent." He therefore forbade me the house, and even proceeded so far, as to shut the door upon me, an insult I never would have borne from any other man. As it was, I stifled my resentment which would have burst forth in vengeance had he been other than the father of Mary, and returned home with a heavy heart. I will now give a short description of the man whom Mr. T. wished to have for a son-in-law. And I will endeavor to restrain my feelings, which even now would rise up and almost overwhelm me.

'William Benton was an only son. His father was rich and consequently Mr. T. considered him a good match for Mary. He had a liberal education but a low grovelling mind. His abilities were below mediocrity, and his manners had that proud superciliousness so inherent in persons of small minds. He was a vain, conceited being, proud of his talents which he considered great, but still prouder of his purse. He knew enough to take care of his money; and that was the sum total of his actual knowledge. His views of things were very different from Mary's. He considered money as the one thing needful. She considered it in the light of a blessing that might be the means of insuring worldly comforts, but unless benevolently employed it could never confer real happiness. He held that property was honorably acquired, if acquired without exposing himself directly to the rigors of the law.

That the poor were virtually bound to serve the rich, and that the mind should not be the 'standard of the man,' as Watts has it: but that money should be the grand test of merit. Such was the outline of the person and character of William Benton.

'Three weeks passed on, during which I heard not from Mary. I heard, however, of her approaching nuptials. All pitied her to think she was to be united for life to a being so directly her opposite. But, to compassionate was all they could do. At the end of three weeks I received from her a letter of which the following is a copy.

"DEAR EDWARD,

"It is with the deepest feelings of anguish and distress, that I now attempt to address you, to inform you concerning my present condition and future fate. I am guarded in my own father's house, and by my own father's command, like the most guilty criminal. I am neither allowed to go abroad, nor to receive visits from my nearest and dearest friends. This I could bear, were it received from any other than a father's hand. But as it is, it becomes a thorn that enters into my very soul.

"Next Wednesday is appointed as the day for me to give my hand to William Benton. But Edward, remember, I shall never cease to love you. Though I were to give my hand to another, it is out of my power to give my heart. That is yours, and yours it will ever remain. The cold, selfish, calculating world would deem it unmaidenly in me thus to speak; but you who have read my heart will excuse it. This is a moment which demands sincerity, and I do but what I consider a duty to my own memory when I assure you—which observation I hope is not needed—that though I might be obliged to pledge my vows to another, yet it would be but mockery. But I shall not now be doomed to utter vows which my heart cannot ratify. They may force me to the altar, but over my spirit they can have no control. I may see the sun rise on the day appointed for my marriage, but I shall never see it set. To me it will go down in darkness. The bell which should ring out merrily at my nuptials, will give no sound but the muffled toll for my burial. But I would not have you surmise that I shall lay violent hands upon my own life. No I can never be guilty of such an act. I would not go uncalled in the presence of my Maker. But I feel that nature, of her own accord, will soon render up her trust. I feel that the silver cord is loosening its hold upon my wearied spirit;

'And with unearthly rapture filled
I plume my wings for heaven.'

"I know not but I have loved the world too well; but that affection is now passed away. I look forward to an early grave with feelings of resignation, which under other circumstances I perhaps might not have learned. The hand of affliction presses heavily upon me, and I fain would bear up under it, but *cannot*. Not for my own sake would I wish to live, for I feel that the grave would be an asylum of rest; but I would endure every sorrow as the chidings of my Heavenly Father. As the will of Him who cannot err, but who chasteneth his children for their good.

"Edward, when I shall be as one that is not, when this eye shall be dimmed, and this cheek blanched by the embrace of death; when the cold clods of the valley shall be resting on my bosom; will you, oh will you not sometimes think of me? Will you not sometimes visit the spot where my ashes are laid, and recall the many hours we have

passed together? Then, yes then, if the spirits of the dead are permitted to visit the earth, I will meet thee. Then will we hold converse together, such as is not heard by common mortals.

"But I must draw to a close. I bid you a long, a last farewell. And may the God of Heaven bless you. Accept these few lines as the last *earthly* tribute of affection you will ever receive from

Your affectionate

MARY."

"She died!—died on the day appointed for her marriage—died, as I knelt beside her bed, with her hand clasped in mine! I forgave her father, for it was her last request. How could I refuse the earnestness of that appeal from her dear lips, then blanched and quivering in death! I forgave him—but did heaven?

"I must not, cannot dwell, on this scene; there is a sickness at my heart, and I must hasten to a close. But I will give one word of counsel. If you ever live to be a parent, oppose not the affections of your children. Give them advice, calm, dispassionate advice. Point out to them, as reasonable beings, the ultimate consequences of their conduct. Reason with them in such a manner, that they may not suspect you are ruled by selfish motives; but show them, that you *feel* what you say; and advise not for your own individual interest, but for their welfare. And when you have done this, go no farther. Your authority over them extends only to what appertains to their happiness. Therefore, never, I beseech you as one who has had experience, oh never compel them. Where they have given their hearts, there suffer them to bestow their hand also. For the smile of love will lighten up the cottage of the indigent, but the frown of hatred will darken the regal splendors of the palace.'

E. R.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Rural Repository.

PERSONAL EXERTION.

BY A GRADUATE.

The road to eminence is rough and abounding with many seemingly insurmountable obstacles; but the pleasures and advantages resulting from its possession, are sufficient, and more than sufficient to counterbalance the trouble and labor expended in obtaining it. To be convinced of this, we have only to look abroad and behold the great and palpable difference in the employments and enjoyments of a man of high distinction and fame, and one who aims at nothing higher than low and insignificant mediocrity. To travel this road with success, it is necessary in the first place, that one should be possessed of some considerable natural genius, and that this talent should be well improved and exercised by study and intense application. Again, it is necessary that he should be endowed with patience and perseverance; for it is an old, but true maxim, that '*Perseverantia vincit omnia*.' In this country, the road to eminence is happily open to all who wish to enter it; and the meed of praise, is willingly bestowed upon him, who most deserves it. Here every man stands upon his own basis; his own personal exertions are the instruments by which he must rise, if he rise at all. Here man is permitted to soar aloft in the regions of fame and glory, untrammelled and unimpeded by the influence of a domineering aristocracy, which exerts its utmost

endeavors to put down the efforts and blast the hopes of praise-worthy ambition. Free as the air he is permitted to rise according to his merit. If then patience and perseverance are so essentially necessary to one's success, how important is it, that these habits should be acquired when young, when the mind is more pliable and susceptible of impressions. In our youth gay and busy scenes of pleasure are wont to attract regard, and the seemingly happy routine of dissipation has also its unlimited influence. In fine, we are continually surrounded by, and subject to temptations of every kind; the vices and passions of this delusory world, oppose our course with an opposition which it requires the greatest fortitude to encounter and overcome. But these impediments have been opposed, and opposed with success; and man at different periods of the world, though nature has thrown in his way great and astonishing obstacles, has by application and study, risen above them all, and acquired lasting and honorable fame. This we see fully exemplified in the course of Demosthenes; who, though opposed by many and wonderful hindrances, rose by personal application to the highest pinnacle of fame and glory. Thus, indefatigable personal exertions, have been, and always must be, in this as well as in all the other departments of life, the corner stone of true glory and eminence. But without one's own exertions, we must never expect to gain fame. If when young we spend our days in indifference and sloth; if we give way to temptations and allurements, which at every step way-lay our path; mix with low and vulgar company, and addict ourselves to low gratifications and pleasures, our hopes for future eminence are wholly unfounded. Hundreds and hundreds have yearly gone into the world from our seminaries of learning, thus habituated and experienced in vice, whose talents have been sacrificed upon the altar of voluptuousness and illegitimate pleasures, and whose advantages have been spent in dissipation and riot.—But their success in after life, has fully demonstrated the fallacy and folly of their ways, and serves as a beacon for those who may possess the advantages which they once had, and squandered in deceitful pleasures. Thus then in conclusion we have two different and distinct roads set before us, and accordingly as we choose, our future destiny will be shaped. If we follow that which leads to honor and fame, we shall most undoubtedly obtain them. But if, on the contrary, we should unfortunately pursue the opposite, our prospects will be gloomy and our hopes disappointed. To behold with an unprejudiced and uncorrupted eye, the honor and glory, which in all the departments of science, many of those, who have preceded us, have obtained, is sufficient to excite in our minds, an ambition to follow their example, and like them obtain immortal and imperishable fame. Let students proceed then to drink deep of the fountain of literary happiness; and let nothing interrupt or vary their determination; the road is open to them all; and by sufficient application and study; the fame of a Cicero, a Demosthenes, a Newton, or a Hayne may richly crown their attempts. HOME.

A BUSY PAY-DAY.

A profligate young fellow, the son of a lawyer of some eminence in Rhode Island, on a certain muster or general inspection day, purchased a horse of an ignorant farmer, engaged to pay for it on the next inspection day. He gave a note; but instead of inspection he inserted the word *resurrection*—making it payable on the resurrection day! When

the next inspection day had come, and the farmer, unsuspecting of the trick, supposed the note to be due, he called on the young man for payment. The latter expressed great astonishment that he should call upon him before the note was out. 'But it is out said the farmer; you promised to pay me next inspection day; the time has come round and I want the money.' 'If you will look at the note again, said the young man coolly, you will find it has a long time to run yet.' The farmer was sure the note was due; or ought to be; but on spelling it over carefully, he found to his astonishment that it was not due until the resurrection day. He remonstrated with the young scape grace;—but all to no purpose, and he finally laid the case before his father the lawyer. The latter took his son aside, and told him he had better settle the thing at once; for, said he, 'though the pay-day is far off, you bid fair to have business enough on your hands that day without having notes to settle.' The advice was taken.—*Constellation.*

A respectable clergyman in the neighborhood of Boston, being at the residence of one of his wealthy and hospitable parishioners, made some complaints of the pitiful sum allowed him for his labor, and concluded by wishing it enlarged, that he might be able comfortably to support and bring up an increasing family. A colored servant happening in at the moment, and hearing something about salary, and family, thought the minister was complaining of the drought and scarcity of vegetables; and running into the garden, he conveyed to the chaise of the clergyman a large quantity of *celery*, &c. After the worthy guest had gone the negro came in, and with a countenance free from blushes, says—'Massa, Guess Mr. — got salary enough now, I cram his big empty box full.'—*Boston Traveller.*

Good Advice.—In one of our courts in this city, a blacksmith who had the gift of stammering to perfection was called into court as a witness between two journeymen of his, in a law suit; the amount in question being about 75 cents. The judge, after hearing his testimony, asked him why he had not advised his workmen to settle, the cost being five times the amount of the disputed sum. In reply the witness observed—'I t-t-t-old the foo-o-ols to settle. I s-s-said the con-constables would take their co-o-oats, the lawyers their sh-shirts, and by j-j-jings, if they got into your Hon. Honor's court, you'd sk-sk-sk-skin 'em.

A short time since, a *tailor's* apprentice was 'strutting and fretting his hour upon the stage,' of Pym's private Theatre, in Gray's Inn Lane, in the character of *Macbeth*, and having exclaimed, 'I have done the deed!'—his master a respectable tradesman, in Oxford street, standing up in the pit, called out to his hopeful apprentice, 'That's not true; you haven't mended Mr. Greene's small clothes; and curse me, if you shan't catch it! Done the deed indeed! why, you haven't done a stitch of work for the last three days!'

During the sanguinary battle of Talavera, an Irish soldier fell wounded by the side of a French Hussar, whose large whiskers and loud moans attracted the Irishman's notice, and seemed not a little to annoy him. 'Whist! whist!' occasionally cried Pat in a gentle tone, but still the hussar moaned on. At length Pat's patience was worn out, and turning fiercely round, he roared out, 'D—n your eyes for

a big whiskered Monseer, do you think there's nobody kil't but yourself?'—

A Physician of Newcastle being summoned to a vestry, in order to reprimand the sexton for the blunders he had committed through drunkenness, dwelt so much on the poor fellow's misconduct, as to raise his choler, and draw from him this retort. 'Upon my soul, Sir, this is ill-natured; and that you should be so eager to lay open all my blunders, when I have so often, so very often, covered yours, is hard, very hard, master doctor that's all.'

A miser being called upon by an acquaintance, whom he did not wish to entertain told the servant to answer that nobody was within; according to which the girl said that her master was out, and there was not a soul in besides herself. To which the visitor, who saw Penurious peeping through the window curtains, said, loud enough to be heard by him, 'Well, my dear, I know no cause to disbelieve you; for, except yourself, I see nobody but your master, and he has no soul.'

A country vicar giving his text out of Hebrews, pronounced it. He brews ten and twelve (meaning the chapter and verse.)—An old toper, who sat half asleep under the pulpit, thinking he talked of brewing so many bushels to the hoghead, exclaimed with great emphasis, 'and not such bad ale either.'

How to be sav'd—When the Bishop of Exeter preached a sermon at St. James' Church last, he gave out his text, 'what shall I do, to be sav'd?' A wag in the gallery, called out to the evident discomfiture of the Right Reverend Prelate but to the no small amusement of a great portion of the congregation, 'Vote for the Reform Bill!'

In a storm at sea, when the ship's crew were all at prayers, a fellow burst into a violent fit of laughter; being reprov'd for his ill timed mirth, and asked the reason of it, 'Why (said he) I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes in contact with the water.'

Any Thing in Reason.—'Go up and hand the royal,' said an officer on ship board to a boy, who had never before 'swam the salt pond.' It was in the night. 'Sir?' answered the lad inquiringly. The officer repeated the order. 'Any thing in reason,' said the boy, 'but as to climbing them rope ladders such a dark night as this, I shan't do it.'

A Funny Pun.—Two lawyers in a funny on the Thames the other day, had not been rowing long, before they found she leaked. 'Tom' said one, 'here's a notice to quit.' 'No!' replied the other, 'notice of bail, rather, I think.'

Goldsmith's Marlow.—Mr. Lewis Grummit, an eminent grazier of Lincolnshire, met, late one night a commercial traveler, who had mistaken his road, and inquired the way to the nearest inn or public house. Mr. G. replied, that as he was a stranger, he would show him the way to a quiet respectable house of public entertainment for man and horse; and took him to his own residence. The Traveler, by the perfect ease and confidence of his manner, showed the success of his stratagem; and every thing that he called for was instantly provided for himself and his horse. In the morning he called in an authoritative tone, for the bill, and the hospita-

ble landlord had all the recompense he desired in the surprise and altered manners of his guest. It was from this incident that Dr. Goldsmith took the hint of Marlow mistaking the house of Mr. Hardeastle for an inn, in the comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1832.

Health of the City.—Our city is still exempt from the Cholera, and never was there a time of more general health than the present. Reports it is true have been circulated by credulous and perhaps designing persons, that it was among us, but they were altogether without foundation, no case of the Asiatic Cholera having ever existed in the compact part of the city.

New-York Weekly Messenger.—This paper, formerly known under the title of Badger's Weekly Messenger, has recently entered upon its second year. The columns of the Messenger, aside from the religious department, which is distinguished for candor and liberality, contain much interesting matter, and we are always happy to receive it in exchange for our little sheet.

Southern Planter and Family Lyceum.—This is a new paper, to be devoted chiefly to Agriculture and Horticulture, though a portion of its pages will embrace subjects of a miscellaneous character. It will be published every other Saturday, by M. Bartlett, Macon, Ga. at the office of the Macon Telegraph. Terms—Two Dollars per annum in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents at the end of the year.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, from Agents and others, ending Sept. 19th.

S. W. Tallmadge, Albany, N. Y. \$1; J. Britton, Jr. Sharon, N. Y. \$1; P. B. Barker, Hudson Print works, \$3; B. Spring, P. M. Gayhead, N. Y. \$5; Wm. Bunker, Ghent, N. Y. \$1; A. M. Swart, Mmaville, N. Y. \$1; B. Cook, Fitchburgh, Ms. \$1; N. Smith, Augusta, Ga. \$10; E. Dodge, Paulding, N. Y. \$1; N. Kellogg, Sheffield, Ms. \$1; R. Wilson, P. M. Wilson, N. Y. \$1; D. Brewster, Cortland Village, N. Y. \$1; N. W. Roberts, Albany, N. Y. \$1; A. Lane, South Lee, Ms. \$1; W. Sabin, Salina, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

Poisonous Cheese.—Eight members of a family were attacked not long since, in this city, with violent pains, attended with nausea, a few hours after having eaten cheese, containing deleterious ingredients. It often happens, where the curd has been boiled in a copper kettle, that such consequences ensue.—*Easton Train.*

The Poughkeepsie Whaling Company have purchased the ship Vermont, 300 tons burthen, which they will proceed immediately to fit out for a voyage to the Pacific Ocean.

Solvent of Putty.—To move panes of glass from sashes, spread with a small brush, a little nitric or muriatic acid over the putty, and it will soon be soft, and can be removed without injury.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Saturday the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Edmund H. Olcott, to Miss Anna H. Wells.

At Pittsfield, Mass. on Wednesday the 5th inst. Mr. William H. Power, of Hudson Print Works, to Miss Catharine A. Buel of the former place.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, the Rev. Edwin Holmes, pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church at Livingston, to Miss Sarah M. daughter of Dr. John McClellan, of the same place.

On Tuesday Evening, by the Rev. Mr. Stokes, Mr. James Cook of this city to Miss Sarah Allerton, daughter of Mr. J. Allerton, Esq. of Cairo.

In Copake, on the 15th inst. by John Bain, Esq. Mr. John Dinehart, to Miss Betsey Snyder, daughter of Adam Snyder, all of that place.

In Claverack, on Thursday the 12th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Snyter, Mr. John I. Macy, of Ghent, to Miss Jane Hall, of this city.

In Claverack, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. J. Burger, Mr. James E. De Lanatter, of the firm of De Lanatter & Heermance, of this city, to Miss Catharine, daughter of Richard Stearns, Esq. of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 9th inst. Miss Jane Augusta White, aged 26 years, daughter of Doctor Samuel White.

'And when her gentle spirit, plum'd by faith
Fled from this world of woe, to weeping friends
'Twas solace sweet to trace it homeward to
Its native Heaven.'

POETRY.

WAKING DREAMS.

BY THE LATE MOSES Y. SCOTT.

'He walks by moonlight in bewildered thought,
And spite of waking madness dreams of home.'

Thou tenderest nurse in each painful emotion,
O slumber! my pillow invites thee its guest—
Come, balmy and pure as the breath of devotion,
Descend as the Halcyon sinks to her nest!
And thy dens shall dissolve strong reality's chain,
And leave peerless fancy in boundless domain!
Then in dreams let me rove with the ocean-nymphs
wreathing

In green sparry grottoes, their wave-nurtured flowers;
And on shells of deep-murmuring melody breathing,
Call the Naiades to dance in their emerald bowers;
While in mazes of beauty and colors of pride,
Bright dolphins, like rainbows, shall glance through the
tide.

I would range the whole circuit of fairy dominion,
From the bower of Titania encircled in smiles,
To where the small Peri, on soft lucid pinion,
Descends with the starlight on Ottoman's isles,
And weeps on the roses, and all the night long
Sweetly sighs to the nightingale's amorous song:

Or wafted far east in thy happy delusion,
To the chambers where morning unveils I would fly;
Where her radiant eye, with a mellow effusion,
Empurples her isles and enamels her sky—
Where the garden of Paradise floated away
In an ocean of glory, and blooms to this day:—

Or let me descend—in the light of thy vision—
Through groves bearing topaz that blaze in the west,
Where evening, reclining in beauty elysian,
Is rocked by the light wing of zephyr to rest;
While cradled in clouds of empyreal roses
And veiled in her blushes, she sweetly reposes.

But slumber, to care-weary pilgrims indulgent,
Thou knowest *one spot* more beloved to the eye
Than evening in blushes, or morning effulgent,
Or gems in the cavern of ocean that lie,
Or bowers of roses with moon-beams inwove,
Or islands that sigh with the music of love!
Reveal then, through shadows, a scene so beguiling!
(For truth dares not show what by distance is veiled)
Where friendship the purest of spirits is smiling,
And love, sweetest fairy, his raptures can yield,
Fast and bright as the streamers that dance round the
pole,

And dearer than Orphean hymns to the soul.
Thou spot hallowed once by a mother's affection—
Ye flowers that in infancy twined round my heart—
O, Home! ever dear to my fond recollection!
Your name can a holy enchantment impart!
In groves it is whispered—the streams as they flow
Tell that name in their murmurs, 'tis heaven below!

It is a well known practice, among Slave-holders, to separate
husband and wife, parents and children, and sell the one to one bar-
barous planter, and the other to another.—The following pathetic
lines will faintly describe the feelings of a *Father*, on such an inhu-
man traffic and separation—Well may he say,

'I half forgot the name of slave,
When you were by my side!'

From the Genius of Universal Emancipation.

THE BEREAVED FATHER.

Ye have gone from me, gentle ones!
With all your shouts of mirth;
A silence is within my walls,
A darkness round my hearth.

The brightness from my life has gone,
The gladness from my heart!
Alas! alas! that such as you
From home and love should part!

Wo to the hearts that heard, unmoved
The mother's anguished shriek!
And mocked, with taunting scorn, the tears
That bathed a father's cheek.

Wo to the hands that tore you hence,
My innocent and good!
Not e'en the tigress of the wild,
Thus tears her fellow's brood.

I list to hear your soft sweet tones,
Upon the morning air;
I gaze amidst the twilight's gloom,
As if to find you there.

But you no more come bounding forth
To meet me in your glee;
And when the evening shadows fall,
Ye are not at my knee.

Your forms are aye before my eyes,
Your voices on my ear,
And all things wear a thought of you,
But you no more are here.

You were the glory of my life,
My blessing, and my pride!
I half forgot the name of slave,
When you were by my side!

Wo for the lot that waiteth you,
My victim babes! through life;
Who now shall teach you to bear up
Amidst its bitter strife!

Wo for your lot, ye doomed ones! wo!
A seal is on your fate!
And shame, and toil, and wretchedness,
On all your steps await. MARGARET.

THE DEW DROP.

The brightest gem cannot surpass
The dew drop on a blade of grass:
Thus nature's smallest works combine
To herald forth a hand divine!
Shall man the noblest work of all,
With reason blest, a sceptic fall?
Behold thy form of wondrous skill,
With faculties that move at will,
How perfect, and how rarely fit,
And all in all so exquisite,
That reason's eye but with a scan
Proclaims—A God created man!

ENIGMAS.

Answers to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I. Because they raised the first Cain.

PUZZLE II.—Because it is *Near O*.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

What is that which is perfect with a head, and perfect
without a head; perfect with a tail, and perfect without
a tail; perfect with a head and tail, and perfect without
a head or tail?

II.

Why are there only 46 weeks in this year?

III.

Why is a music-book, like a barrel?

Deeds, Mortgages, &c.

Printed at this Office, on a new and elegant script type, and for
sale wholesale and retail, at Ashbel Stoddard's Bookstore.

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